things you said under the stars and in the grass by Browneyesparker

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Mike shuts his eyes and wishes for a million more nights like these, stretched out under an endless sky with the girl he loves more than anything or anyone else in the world. He’s not sure but he thinks, maybe she’s wishing for the same thing.

things you said under the stars and in the grass

if everything you've said to me has been true, then all my stars are leading me to you

“Make a wish,” Mike whispers.

Mike and Eleven are sprawled out on their backs, in the grass. Its summertime and it’s hot, they’re feeling lazy after a productive day at the community pool. The rest of the gang has already gone home, so it’s just the two of them. Their fingers are brushing against each other, barely touching. They’ve just spotted a star shooting across the inky black sky.

Eleven closes her eyes like she did on her birthday when she blew out her candles and does as he bids. Knowing better than to tell him what she wished for this time. He had to explain to her after she blurted out what she had wished for that wishes might not come true if you share them with other people.

“Did you make a wish too?” She asks after a beat.

“I usually do,” Mike answers.

Eleven frowns, new to the concept of wishes in general. “Why did you tell me to make a wish, Mike?”

“Oh. . . there was a shooting star,” he explains. “People say when you wish on a shooting star, they usually come true.”

“Have you ever had a wish on a shooting star come true?” Eleven asks, curiously.

Mike nods. “Yeah. They did, once or twice.”

“What did you wish for? Since they came true, you can tell me.”

Mike’s fingers freeze against her knuckles, it should be so easy to tell her but the words are lodged in his throat, it gets turned into a random fact before he can stop it.

“You know, wishing on falling stars dates back all the way to 127 AD. The Greek astronomer, Ptolemy believed that the gods got bored or were curious so they would peek down from the spheres. Sometimes when it happened, stars would slip out from the gaps and flash towards the earth. The shooting stars were an indication the gods were paying attention to whatever you asked for.”

“So, what did you wish for?” Eleven asks again, not easily distracted by a pretty story this time. “When the gods were paying attention to you.”

Mike’s face grows warmer. “I dunno. Most of the time I wished for stupid stuff.”

Eleven sighs, props herself up on her side so she can look at him. “Friends don’t lie.” in a fit of bravery she takes his hand. “You can tell me anything.”

Mike squeezes his eyes shut, takes a deep breath to steady himself. “I wished you would come home,” he confesses. “And eventually, it came true.”

Eleven falls back down on her back. “How many times did you make wishes?”

“Every night,” Mike answers. “Except there weren’t always shooting stars.”

“The gods don’t get bored a lot?”

Mike laughs. “That’s just a story, Eleven. A shooting star is really just a small piece of rock or dust that hits Earth's atmosphere from space. It moves so fast that it heats up and glows as it moves through the atmosphere.”

Eleven wrinkles her nose. “I like the other explanation better.”

“I do too,” Mike admits, even though he is a man of science he still prefers fiction to fact, sometimes.

“It’s more romantic,” Eleven adds.

“You’ve been talking to Nancy again,” Mike observes.

“Mmmh,” Eleven murmurs, scooting a little closer and resting her head against his. “It’s so pretty out here tonight.”

Mike’s head is spinning from how quickly she’s changed the subject, from how close she suddenly is. He can smell trace amounts of chlorine and sunblock on her skin, can feel the warmth of leftover sun on her arms and cheeks.

Talk about gods and shooting stars and making wishes are far away from his mind. All he can think about his things he still hasn’t said yet. Words that are dangerously close to the tip of his tongue. He swallows hard.

“Yeah it is,” he finally agrees.

“You know what else is pretty?” Eleven asks.

“What?” Mike asks hoarsely.

“You,” she whispers.

Mike laughs, he’s told her a million times that boys can’t be pretty but she hasn’t picked up on the concept. “You’re pretty too,” he replies, holding her hand tighter.

Like magic, there’s another shooting star. Eleven pokes him.

“Make a wish,” she whispers.

Mike shuts his eyes and wishes for a million more nights like these, stretched out under an endless sky with the girl he loves more than anything or anyone else in the world. He’s not sure but he thinks, maybe she’s wishing for the same thing.

End

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Author's Note:

Once again, my apologizes for the brevity of this story. I have a good excuse. I've been sick for the whole week and even though I knew where this story was going, it went rogue on me. So, I hope you enjoyed it a little bit and that you'll tell me what you thought!

And even though we haven't been together long, I want you all to know I'm thankful for all of you. The Stranger Things fandom is one of the best ones I've been a part of.

Until Next Time!